

Studies in American Indian Literature

NEWSLETTER
of the
Association For Study
of
AMERICAN INDIAN LITERATURES

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STUDIES IN AMERICAN INDIAN LITERATURES

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Peter Nabokov. Native American Testimony: An
Anthology of Indian and White Relations,
First Encounters to Dispossession. Preface
by Vine Deloria, Jr. New York: Thomas Y.
Crowell, 1978. (Paperback: Harper and Row)

This collection consists of fifty-five brief excerpts of comments made or recalled by Native people of various tribes during a wide span of historical time. It is organized into nine sections, grouping observations made about phenomena such as initial culture contact, missionaries, and conflict. Many of the selections (e.g., remarks made by individuals like Black Hawk, Black Elk, Seattle and Chief Joseph) will be familiar to even the most cursory student of Native American oral expression, while a number of others have been culled from more obscure or forgotten sources. The appearance of some of these intelligent, perceptive and often unexpected remarks—one thinks particularly of Percy Bigmouth's "Before They Got Thick" or Medicine Horse, et. al.'s "We Are Not Children"

are the highlights of this book.

Unfortunately, they are not enough. Native American Testimony is an inadequate and perhaps even misleading introduction to American Indian history for the non-specialist, and it is far too brief and unsystematic for the scholar. A non-chronological, aspecific approach to European-Native relations obscures more than it illuminates; it runs rough-shod over cultural distinctions, particulars of historical circumstance, and the context or logical sequence of events. It tends to generalize a collective experience for Native people which they themselves did not (and even today often do not) perceive. What might for Europeans have been a cumulative series of encounters with people they called Indians was, for Native groups, a set of discrete, unique interactions. Each tribe formed its own impression, which varied due to time and experience, of Europeans, and it would be hard to support a contention that these views shared common Pan-ethnic denominators.

Nabokov makes some effort to provide an historical framework for each of his sections, but the result is far too sketchy and he neglects some of the most basic realities. There is only vague and minimal mention, for instance, of the impact of European diseases on aboriginal North American peoples--despite the fact that current demographers believe that between nine-out of ten and nineteen out of twenty individuals from each tribe died upon the introduction (through contact) of Old World contagions.

One might expect that the most fundamental difficulty in digesting a disparate group of Native American "testimonies" taken from different tribes over many years would involve the vagaries of translation and transcription. Who interpreted these remarks? Why were they recorded? By whom? Is it Black Elk speaking, or John Neihardt? How

might the rendering of a statement in English affect its original meaning? How literally should we the readers take the words of a particular document? Nabokov informs us, in a small-print postscript "Note," that he uses only speeches in which the "basic statement" rings "true"--but what does this mean? Does it imply that the author has some pre-conceived notion of what Indian testimony should be like, and accepts only those utterances which conform?

Nabokov is inconsistent in his interpretation of the excerpts. At times he seems to imply a point of view: the Natchez are "aristocratic," the Taino are "awestruck" by Columbus, the Zuni and others seem to be all male, since they send away "their" women. He offers a rather simplistic analysis of the rationale behind the practice of treaty-making, without ever referring to such basic legal understandings as aboriginal title or the Supreme Court's early 19th century definition of a reservation as sovereign.

At other times Nabokov presents documents with contents that seem at odds with a traditional, stereotyped understanding of the dynamics of culture contact, but then shies away from drawing a fresh conclusion. The sections on early interactions between Europeans and Indians are full of evidence that Native people regarded their first visitors not with awe or fear but with aplomb and even pity. They do not seem, for the most part, overly impressed--as Europeans expected them to be. But these points are not taken up.

In the unit titled "Premonitions and Prophecies," Nabokov seems to suggest that some Native people had a sort of telepathic early alert as to the impending arrival of Europeans; yet every culture has in its repertoire a vast array of imaginative speculation which remains just that unless, in retrospect, some of it seems to fit historical events. If Martians landed tomorrow in

Poughkeepsie, would that make Ray Bradbury a prophet?

Possibly the most serious shortcoming of this book is the final impression it leaves with a reader who knows little of Indian history. One might conclude from the last section, unambiguously and funereally titled "The Nation's Hoop Is Broken and Scattered," that the last Native American Testimony was made in the mid-19th century. There is not a hint that virtually all the tribes from whom quotations are used in the book have survived and become increasingly stronger in the 20th century. Not a suggestion that more recent Indian peoples have drawn on the specific traditions of literary expression of their own tribes and have spoken powerful words in modern contexts--with successful effect. Not a clue that Indian peoples rose from that nadir of despair they experienced in the past century and went not to the Happy Hunting Ground but to federal courts to reassert and reclaim their rights. "Dispossession" is an arbitrary and misleading stopping point for a book about Native Americans. Indians certainly didn't stop there!

But a reader finishing Native American Testimony is left with no place to go. There is no bibliography with books to provide a more comprehensive historical perspective; there are no suggestions for readings dealing with the modern period. There is no sense of the durability and dynamism of Native cultures. The book is all plight and ultimately no fight, and that's just not the way it was, or is.

Michael Dorris
Dartmouth College

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Tony Long Wolf, Jr. Long Wolf Poems, \$2.50, and Adrian C. Louis, Sweets for the Dancing Bears, \$2.50, both published by Blue Cloud Quarterly, Marvin: South Dakota.

These two chapbooks in the Blue Cloud series offer interesting contrasts. Tony Long Wolf, Jr.'s fourteen poems are the first he has published, and in spite of the introductory pride and praise of Craig Volk, the teacher who conducted the South Dakota State Penitentiary creative writing workshop where Long Wolf began writing, the poems are largely unrealized as poems. As expressions of a soul being born to awareness of language and its potential power, they are another and a moving thing, and I hope for Long Wolf's emergence from the cocoon of silence in which culture-robed peoples starve. The generally unperceived truth and horror of failed assimilation and aborted enculturation is that it cuts out one's tongue. If these poems are for the most part naive, prosaic, and uninteresting, if we miss the power of the Word, are they yet the beginning for Long Wolf of a new grammar, a new vocabulary, a new idiom, a new and holy magic?

Several of the poems are about well-known and often described events: drunken nights, the failure of parenting, the strength of the grandparents. "Boxing with Snowflakes" tells of a Sioux husband who is fired from his job, gets drunk in a snowfall, and dies of exposure:

. . . Behind the black railroad yards
With an empty 190 proof Everclear bottle
In his back pants pocket
He became the greatest fighter
In the whole world,
And tore off his shirt,
And boxed with the snowflakes.

The snow flakes won . . .

This is not bad, but the following and concluding stanza extracts the last ounce of sentiment and moral rectitude: "You white are no good," the mother tells the F.B.I. man and the newsman. (Why the F.B.I. would be involved in such a case is unclear, not Everclear.) Yet the imagery of the ironic stanzas preceding the conclusion is effective. Taste and time--reviving a time when the word was holy and powerful and straight--could make this voice sing and, in complementary words in the last poem,

The sun will melt
these icy snows

But the eclipse today
is my heart in prison.

The other Blue Cloud chapbook, Adrian Louis' Sweets for the Dancing Bears, is another matter, the work of a previously published poet, a sophisticate who drops names like Eurydice, St. Francis, and Billy Eckstine, someone who knows about the Boat People and Poe and has a vocabulary to match. Is he an "Indian" if he can write a poem entitled "Astral Closure"? if he lives in Rhode Island and is being translated into Dutch? (as the blurb notes).

On first readings, I was more taken by Louis' poems than by Long Wolf's. Subsequently, I wondered. Not one to overvalue sincerity, I still feel a certain disparity, perhaps a disadvantage to art, in writing of an Indian who knows both Coyote and Eurydice. What a mess of a cultural problem is there! But Columbus wouldn't stay home, and poets being what they are, great assimilators of all kinds of knowledge from any culture that happens to get in their way, regardless of what culture they them-

selves spring from, the writing of a poet like Adrian Louis will be more poetry than American Indian poetry. I trust he and any other poet worth his salt would have it no other way. He does not write for his multi-layered culture; he writes for himself.

Of course, a number of the poems, if not all of them, have Indian referents: "trading post beads," "newfound Injuns," "old Navajo rug," "the buffalo's slaughter," or vaguely Indian allusions. But there are as many allusions to European-American culture like L.L. Bean, Poe's "The Raven," "Dixie," and Morpheus. For the most part, the poems seem to emerge from his American psyche, red, white, or blue, raging against failure, alienation, weakness, and loss, whether personal or cultural. In "Statue of Liberty," the persona cries,

Wondrous woman!
Eurydice will not do to compare you to.
Your myth isn't current or primal:
an androgynous scorpion
with enveloping claws and stinger behind
the inherent rape in a mother's love . . .

and then he ends seeing the surrealistic wonder woman with a "bronzed vulva" overlooking a harbor of death where Boat People, some of the latest redskins,

. . . stare at your obscured sun
and squat, eating rice
in my backyard
like some crazy, newfound Injuns.

Rage distorts the landscape as it distorts the people in it, and often he "sees" only through hallucinations or nightmares or at least extravagant images:

. . . We never understand what is boiling
in our blood
and in the coyote night we rip separate
preferred
morsels of flesh
from the once-living body of childhood.
Brother, we are not brothers under the
skin.
We are each other.
You died and I went to Hell.
I took your mother home after the funeral
and she showed me the region
where you first saw light.

Not all the poems work well, sometimes the
extravagance seems to point too much to itself
rather than functioning in and for an overall design
of the poem, as if the clever images were ready to
jump up and say, "Hey, look at me!" In another
surreal landscape that must by its nature be wild. I
don't, for instance, see the aptness of

. . . The dark night laughs
like ducks above poised arrows
long before the first ships came.

There is an over-reaching in spots, at least for my
taste, but there is often also a witty and touching
evocation of a world of alleys and drunks and whores
and frying chicken wings in the "fragile . . .
solitude" of lonely rooms. A "brother," a fellow
Indian, is

. . . Sleeping in the sun of doom
face frying upon the nickel
who is crying as the flies count coup
and dance on your dying eyes?

But the persona's compassion has been robbed (just
the right word in the lost world) by his own "self
pity and panic."

In the second to last poem "Astral Closure" he
asks "Am I writing to be reborn?" and his haunted
thoughts fly

to the wide and dry spaces
where words do not exist. . . .

scorned by the dry breast of the Motherland

he runs, but (as with much contemporary Indian and
other literature), he remembers that he has a real
home to return to; not the gold of the meretricious
Motherland but the yellow sand of his Nevada home
"beckons / more brilliant than gold."

The last poem comes back to the theme of the
power of the word and the common corruption of
language today. The persona lies at first, to get
along, but the profanity puts his "soul . . . in a
coal mine."

Yet, there is light at the end of my tunnel
Golden leaves thrash dryness from my
brainbone
to my tongue.
I want to rasp into sober cryptology
and say something dynamic
but tonight is my laundry night.

The self-deprecating stance, for all its amusing
denouement, is bitter. The persona is still in the
tunnel, in the coal mine, but Adrian Louis is
looking on and poeting about it--bittersweet. He is
working on a novel, a cover note tells us, "which
depicts the rites of passage of a half-breed in

modern America." That will be, I bet, a good book.

Robert W. Lewis
University of North Dakota

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Simon J. Ortiz. from Sand Creek. New York:
Thunder's Mouth Press, 242 W. 104 St. 96 pp.
\$4.95.

Simon Ortiz is a writer who tells stories and about whom stories are told. Maurice Kenny, Joy Harjo, Leslie Silko, and others have all written stories that Ortiz inspired. His Dylanesque joyful sorrow intensifies the clash of the old ways with modern times. In "Uncle Tony's Goat," a story Ortiz told Silko during a long 4 a.m. phone conversation, the ornery billy goat and the docile boy are at odds. One kicks the other and runs away, lost to a nameless fate. It is a common enough occurrence; the telling makes it universal. The goat is a real goat and also a metaphor for all untameable animals who eventually become outcasts.

Ortiz's first seven books are rooted in this kind of telling, in language as terse and direct as his native Acoma. His poems often end by looking to nature for a kind of objective correlative. For example, "A Dying Warrior" first describes Leonard Bluebird dying of leukemia in a drunken delirium yet ends as the narrator moves outside of the bar "sad and walking, cussing / at the streets and the dying bird." In a more complex poem of the same period, "Language," the poem opens with baby images and sounds--the recording of details so halting and intense it draws us into the child's voice patterns--then leaps outside, "I listened to the wind yesterday . . ." to end with the thought that all language comes out of something inside and fits,

into thoughts of sound itself,
the energy it is
and the motion inherent in it.

Ortiz's last book Fight Back was less introspective than these poems from Going for the Rain; it expressly dealt with sacred territories which had been stolen, the brutal deaths of Indians who worked alongside Ortiz in the uranium mines, and the historical white oppression of Indians. Although Fight Back is softened by a few moments of understanding and compassion, it gives a documentary view of Indian oppression in the American southwest.

While each Ortiz book combines biography, history, nature, and ritual, it is the shifts in language, rhythms, and emphasis that reveal Ortiz's growth as a poet and as a person. from Sand Creek does not use Indian words, repeated phrases and rhythms, or conversation, as Ortiz's other books do. It is built according to the conversational lesson his father relates in an earlier poem, "A Story of How a Wall Stands":

. . . Underneath
what looks like loose stone,
there is stone woven together.

from Sand Creek is like a series of stone poems woven together. The title and key passages refer to the 1864 massacre at Sand Creek that Dee Brown describes in Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee. Ortiz ironically understates the historical impact by presenting the white conquerors' images of themselves:

Colonel Chivington was a moral man, believed
he was made in the image of God, and he
carried out the orders of his nation's law;
Kit Carson didn't mind stealing and killing
either.

Ortiz does not dwell on Sand Creek, however. This long poem alludes to other settings in America's history ranging from Mai Lai to small-town farmers in Kansas. Many of the passages are generalized metaphorical expressions of America:

Thunder rolling across the plains is a
beautiful valorous noise, but the train
that became America roars and cries.

These metaphors are unselfconscious and nonacademic. Ortiz alligns himself with Whitman in terms of his love for America, but the passage,

O Whitman, he was wrong
and had mis-read the goal
of mankind.

And Whitman
who thought they were his own--
did he sorrow?
did he laugh?
Did he, did he.

leads this reader to the conclusion that Ortiz is less romantic about the future of America than Whitman. Still other passages seem Whitmanesque yet pose unresolvable paradoxes:

The future will not be mad with loss and waste
though the memory will be there; eyes will
become kind and deep, and the bones of this
nation will mend after the revolution.

The core of this book is a series of finely-chiseled passages about the life and characters in the Veteran's Hospital on the Arkansas River, Colorado, a place of hopeless outcasts and war-shocked ex-soldiers who are treated harshly by the authorities. Ortiz uses desperately human

language to describe their plight: he depicts an old man as "numb with experience," other fatalities as "stricken men and broken boys / . . . mortared and sealed / into its defensive walls."

Ortiz is among the victims: "Billy and Danny and Larry. And me. / We all thought we might be winners / at any moment." It is in these passages that the poet/ narrator nakedly reveals his soul. In the following poem, a common incident makes a larger statement about the historic and psychological implications of the narrator's entrapment in a suspect identity:

At the Salvation Army
a clerk
caught me
wandering
among old spoons
and knives,
sweaters and shoes.

I couldn't have stolen anything;
my life was stolen already.

In protest though,
I should have stolen.
My life. My life.

She caught me;
Carson caught Indians,
secured them with his lies.
Bound them with his belief.

After winter,
our own lives fled.
I reassured her
what she believed.

Bought a sweater.

And fled.

I should have stolen.

My life. My life.

The humor and wisdom in from Sand Creek is immediately accessible to the reader. Its panorama of America is both historic and visionary, pathetic yet not without hope. The entire poem is a ritual of language and meaning. The keen, spare sequences of interwoven poems depict the psychological violence underlying the American dream. The stark images are richly metaphorical and universal. One of Ortiz's primary concerns is epitomized in this central passage:

Don't fret now.

Songs are useless
to exculpate sorrow.
That's not their intent anyway.

Strive
for significance.
Cull seeds from grass.
Develop another strain of corn.

Whisper for rain.

Don't fret.
Warriors will keep alive in the
blood.

Jan Garden Castro.

* * * * *

Peggy Tiger and Molly Babcock. The Life and Art of Jerome Tiger. Norman, Oklahoma: University of Oklahoma Press, 1980. 300 pp. Hb. \$35.00.

For those familiar with American Indian painting there is nothing unique about being an Oklahoma Indian artist. What is out of the ordinary about Jerome Tiger is that at the time of his death at twenty-six he had already created an extensive body of work in a mature style and was known in both Oklahoma and beyond.

Tiger, of Creek-Seminole ancestry, is best known for his action-catching sketches and jewel-like tempera paintings. His career ended abruptly with accidental death at his own hand. In this handsome memorial volume his wife and cousin gather up the events and episodes of his short life, arrange them in chronological order and present us Tiger reborn. Their stated purpose is three-fold: "to tell the story of his life . . . to provide critical appraisals of his art work . . . to show a broad sampling of his work." The first and last are compellingly fulfilled. The critical appraisals are lacking. Eleven potentially critical essays, written by well-known patrons and friends of the artist, conclude the text. Though appropriate in this volume, these writings idealize the artist rather than critically evaluate his work.

Tiger's wife, his cousin, and his friends present him as a loving husband, devoted father, chief-of-the-pack buddy, the Golden Gloves champ, artistically gifted from childhood, wise beyond his years, an Indian artist who was going to the top. But the candle was snuffed out. This description of Tiger sounds so idealized that one might expect the text to lack color. Not so. Tiger was a colorful man and the text reads easily. Many photographs of him at various stages of his life play their part in making him real. Some two hundred color repro-

ductions of his sketches, drawings, and paintings enhance the book. In addition, introductory chapters relate the trials and misfortunes, ceremonies and beliefs of Tiger's ancestors and contemporaries. This inclusion provides cultural background for Tiger's life and especially sheds light on recurring themes in his work.

Unfortunately, the visual material is not allowed to stand alone. Frequently, information found in the text is repeated beneath the pictures. This excessive explanation proves to be a distraction, as do the number and order of reproductions on every page or every other page. Consecutive pages of text would have simplified the reader's task. One feels compelled to look at the pictures, read their explanation and then return to the text only to be caught up by the next picture. Though the text reads chronologically, the pictures do not. Sometimes the work is presented topically, sometimes chronologically, often randomly. An important facet of any artist's work is the changes that take place over time. Though this artist's life was short, his work evolved, especially in his drawing of the figure, use of color, and choices for emphasis. Because the works are not in consistently chronological order, the development of his art is difficult to grasp.

The book includes a listing of Tiger's professional achievements in the art world, indexes to his work and to the text, and a helpful bibliography listing articles about him and publications in which his art has appeared. The book is bound in a black and turquoise cloth cover; the text is large and legible. The color reproductions for the most part are well done though slightly more blue than the originals. Some half-dozen reproductions are of poor quality. Except for the characteristic Tiger signature and the recurring themes, they would not be recognizable as his work. It is hard to

understand why these second rate reproductions were used. In addition, one of this group, "Yesterday They Rode," is reproduced in reverse. A few of the works reproduced are undated, and unfortunately, many lack indication of dimensions. Even when these are given one cannot be sure whether one is seeing the whole picture or merely a cropped portion. Tiger was an artist with a keen sense of design; indeed, he was a designer. His delicate paintings were sensitively placed on their poster-board surfaces. The viewer has no way of knowing whether the piece as presented reflects the design sense of Tiger or that of the book designer.

There remain many unexplored aspects of Tiger's artistry. He was a painter, illustrator, miniaturist, cartoonist, caricaturist and sometime sculptor. Hopefully, this initial work about him will encourage other patrons to bring forth their Tigers. Then, more critical appraisals of his contribution to the art of a particular genre and locale may be forthcoming.

Theresa Eppridge
College of New Rochelle

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Announcements

Maurice Kenny, who runs the Strawberry Press, P.O. Box 451, Bowling Green Station, New York, NY 10004, will be the subject of a forthcoming ASAIL Bibliography, but in the meantime we present a list of recent works from Strawberry:

A Cannon Between My Knees \$2.50
Paula Gunn Allen

White Corn Sister, 2nd edition, \$4.00
Peter Blue Cloud

Mistah \$1.50
Lance Henson

Kneading The Blood \$2.50
Maurice Kenny

Pieces \$2.50
Duane Niatum

Long Division: A Tribal History, 2nd edition, \$2.50
Wendy Rose

From The Center, no. One, \$7.50
A folio of art and poetry, includes Ortiz, Harjo,
Niatum, Time Quilt, Rokwaho, Kahionhes, Hogan, Tall
Mountain, Allen, Kenny, Russell, Blue Cloud, Hobson,
Bruchac, Jemison.

Covers, Drawings and Poems \$3.50
Rokwaho

Vigil Of The Wounded \$3.00
Philip Yellowhawk Minthorn

Strawberry Press
P.O. Box 451
Bowling Green Station
New York, NY 10004

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Geary Hobson interrupted progress on his novel long
enough to send a note reminding people of A
Biobibliography Of Native American Writers,
1772-1924 by Daniel F. Littlefield, Jr. and James A.
Parins, issued by the Scarecrow Press (P.O. Box 656,

Metchuen, NJ 09940, Hb. \$19.50). Geary thinks this
book will come to be seen as the indispensable
source for students of early Native American
literature. The Biobibliography is no. 2 in the
NATIVE AMERICAN BIBLIOGRAPHY SERIES, General Editor
Jack Marken (he and Herbert T. Hoover are editors of
No. 1, Bibliography Of The Sioux). The Scarecrow
series is moving along nicely and promises to be an
enormously valuable tool for everyone interested in
things Native American.

We are also delighted to report that Joe Bruchac has
been awarded a Rockefeller Fellowship for next year.

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ASAIL Bibliography, No. 2
Wendy Rose

Books of Poetry

1. Hopi Roadrunner Dancing (Greenfield Review Press,
1973)
2. Long Division: A Tribal History (Strawberry
Press, 1976/1982--now in 3rd printing)
3. Academic Squaw: Reports to the World from the
Ivory Tower (Blue Cloud Press, 1977)
4. Poetry of the American Indian: Wendy Rose
(American Visual Communications Bank, 1978)
5. Builder Kachina: A Home-Going Cycle (Blue Cloud
Press, 1979)

6. Lost Copper (Malki Museum Press/ Morongo Indian Reservation, 1980, preface by N. Scott Momaday)
7. What Happened When the Hopi Hit New York (Contact II Publications, 1982)
8. The Halfbreed Chronicles and Other Poems (completed ms. seeking publication)

Other Books

1. Aboriginal Tattooing in California (Archaeological Research Facility, University of California at Berkeley, 1979)
2. Waiting for Running Horse: Short Fiction by American Indian Authors (co-edited by Bernd Peyer, completed ms. seeking publication)
3. Unheard Voices: A Multi-genre Annotated Bibliography of Books by Native American and Arctic Native Authors (PhD. Dissertation, University of California, Berkeley, in Anthropology--not yet accepted, still in progress)

Contributions to Anthologies

1. Speaking for Ourselves edited by Lillian Faderman & Barbara Bradshaw (Scott-Foresman, 1969, revised edition 1975)
2. Literature of the American Indian edited by Thomas Sanders & Walter Peek (Glencoe Press, 1974, 1st edition only)
3. From the Belly of the Shark edited by Walter Lowensfels (Random House, 1974)

4. Time to Greez: Incantations from the Third World edited by Janice Mirikitani, Janet Campbell Hale, Roberto Vargas et. al. (Glide Press/ Third World Communications, 1975)

5. Carriers of the Dream Wheel edited by Duane Niatum (Harper & Row, 1975)

6. Discover America edited by Nils Peterson, John Galm & Naomi Clark (San Jose Studies Special Issue Anthology, 1976)

7. Contemporary California Women Poets edited by Jennifer MacDowell (Merlin Press, 1977)

8. The First Annual Womens Poetry Festival Anthology edited by Noni Howard (New World Press Collective, 1977)

9. Reaping edited by Mary Rudge (Cocono Press, 1977)

10. I Am the Fire of Time edited by Jane Katz (E.P. Dutton, 1977)

11. The Next World edited by Joseph Bruchac (Crossing Press, 1978)

12. The Remembered Earth edited by Geary Hobson (Red Earth Press, 1978, University of New Mexico, 1981)

13. Networks edited by Carol Simone (Vortex Graphics, 1979)

14. The Third Woman edited by Dexter Fisher (Houghton-Mifflin, 1980)

15. In Her Own Image: The Lives and Works of Woman Artists edited by Ingrid Wendt & Elaine Hodges (Feminist Press/ McGraw-Hill, 1980)

16. The South Corner of Time: Hopi Navajo Papago Yaqui Literature edited by Emory Sekaquaptewa, Lawrence Evers, et. al. (Suntracks Press, 1980/ University of Arizona Press, 1981)

17. Dreaming in the Dawn edited by Ruth Wildes Schuler (Heritage Press, 1980)

18. This Song Remembers edited by Jane Katz (Houghton-Mifflin, 1980)

19. The Way We Lived: California Indian Reminiscences by Malcolm Margolin (Heyday Books, 1981)

20. Anthology of Magazine Verse/ Yearbook of American Poetry edited by Alan Pater (Monitor Books, 1981)

21. Alcatraz 2 edited by Stephen Kessler (Alcatraz Editions, 1982)

22. The Fire of Finding: Woman Poets of the World (Macmillan, ip)

23. Through a Glass Darkly (Tennessee State University/ Contemporary Press, ip)

24. Nuke Chronicles 2 edited by Josh Gosziak (Contact II Publications, ip)

25. Arizona Anthem edited by Blair Armstrong (Mnemosyne Press, ip)

26. A Nation Within edited by Ralph Salisbury (Outtrigger Publishers, Hamilton, New Zealand, ip)

27. Songs from Turtle Island edited by Joseph Bruchac (Sovremenost Press/ Macedonian Review, Macedonia, ip)

28. Anthology of East Bay Poets edited by Peter Kastmiller (ip)

29. Sleight of Crime 2 edited by Peter Kastmiller (ip)

30. Structure and Meaning: An Introduction to Literature edited by Anthony Dube, Russell Murphy, James Parins & J. Karl Franson (Houghton-Mifflin, ip)

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